



The Salamanca Corpus: *The Scotch Hay-Makers* (1685)

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Anonymous

The Scotch Hay-Makers: Or, Crafty Jockey's Courtship to Coy Jenny of Edenborough (1685)

To an excellent new Tune, much in Request.

I.

'Twas within a Furlong of Edenborough Town,
In the rosie time o'th' Year, when the Grass was down,
Bonny Jockey, blith and gay, said to Jenny making Hay,
Let's sit a little, Dear, and prattle, 'tis a sultry Day:
He long had courted the black-brow'd Maid,
But Jockey was a Wag, and wou'd ne'er consent to wed;
Which made her pish and phoo, and cry it will not do;
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

II.

He told her Marriage was gron a meer joak,
And that no one wedded now but the Scoundrel folk.

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Yet, my Dear, you shou'd prevail, but I know not what I ail,
I shall dream of clogs, and silly dogs, with bottles at their tails.
But I'll give the Gloves, and a Bongrace to wear,
and a pretty filly Foal to ride out and take the air,
If thou ne'r will pish and phoo, and cry out it shall not do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

III.

That you'll give me Trinklits, cry'd she, I believe,
But ah! what in return must your poor Jenny give,
When my Maiden-treasure's gone, I mun gang to London Town,
And roar and rant, and patch and paint, and kiss for half a crown;
Each drunken Bully oblige for pay,
And earn a hated Living an odious fulsome way:
No, no, it ne'r shall do, for a Wife I'll be to you,
Or I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

IV.

Ne'r was I so courted in all my life before,
You will stop young Jenny'd Breath, if you kiss me any more;
Fie upon you Lad forbear, you'll a silly Maid ensnare
By your fooling so, then let me go, or your locks Ise tear,
You are uncivil, I must be coy
til wedded, there's no Loon shall my Maiden-head enjoy;
Then died she pish and phoo, and cry'd, it ne'r will do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

V.

Sike a Lad as Jockey, young Lasses would embrace,
Who can sing them pleasant Sonnets, and dances with a grace
On the pleasant rural Plain; do not then my suit disdain,
From thy charging eyes, Love arrows flies, which renews my pain;
Love's fresh encounter he then renew'd;
She cry'd out, Fie, O fie, geud faith, you's muckle rude,
Then did she pish and phoo, and cy'd it ne'er will do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too

VI.

If you mean to marry, Ise freely be your Bride,
Then at pleasure you may have what is otherwise deny'd,
Ne'er a Loon in all the Land, shall have me at his command,

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Nor my Maiden-head, until I wed, take away your hand,
Or else I will cry, and rend the Skie,
For I will marry'd be, or else a Maid I'll die;
Then did she pish and phoo, and cry'd, it ne'er will do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.